

far below that it seemed death to drop.

A patrolman passed along the bridge and looked over the side.

"Pull me up, pull me up!" shrieked Walter.

"Wait a minute," said the patrolman. "I've got to get the number of an automobile which exceeded the speed limit past here a half an hour ago. As soon as I catch up with it, I'll come back and help you. Don't worry."

As he passed on, Walter felt

the rope parting, strand by strand. Presently it broke and he gave himself up for dead, but luckily he struck the water right and the water was deep. He felt as if he would never come to the surface, but when he did, he gave a gasp of relief, for quite near him was a boat, in which was an old fisherman lighting his pipe. "Help!" gurgled Walter.

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We'll get the rest of the story tomorrow.



Italian soldiers leading Arab men, women and children to be shot to death by the firing squad without even a drumhead court-martial.

New England halibut boats are sailing around the Horn to fish in the prolific waters of Alaska. It's a long way from home.

Kipling is against woman suffrage, but Hall Caine is swatting him, hip and thigh, and with poetry, at that.